

### The Rate of Interest.

A Montana subscriber writes: "In your issue of June 2nd under the heading, 'Organization of Bankers,' you disagree with the idea advanced by a correspondent that banks should pay more than 4 per cent for time deposits but justify the practice of the banker in raising his rates during the times of strong demand. I am unable to see the logic of your argument and should consider any reasons that would justify the banker in raising the rates on the money they loan would also justify him in raising the rate for the money he borrows in the form of time deposits. Why should not the rate between what the banks pay and what they charge be the same and why should the banks secure all the benefit, if there is any from a shortage of money? The farmer who has money on deposit should it seem to me, be entitled to the increased rate of interest, when an increase is made, just as much as the banker. The expense of the banker is not relatively greater when interest is high than when it is low and whatever additional risk there may be on both during such times is surely shared by the depositor. I would like to have a little more information on this subject."

Our correspondent confuses the commercial department of the bank with its saving department, or at least he does not separate the two in his mind. Well conducted banks endeavor to invest the money which comes into their savings department in strictly high class securities, mostly farm mortgages. While the interest rate on securities of this sort varies somewhat it does not fluctuate as does the interest rate on commercial paper. In the central west the interest rate on farm mortgages runs from five to sometimes as high as six per cent. It will probably average around five and a half. The money which the banker receives as time deposits and which he pays interest for at the rate of four per cent must be invested, therefore, at from five to six per cent or a margin to the banker at from one to two per cent. It is not considered any larger margin than the banks needs to cover its expenses in handling the business. If the banker bids up four and a half or five per cent for time deposits an investigation will usually show that he is investing the money in something more hazardous than farm loans, a practice which not be encouraged. Hence we contend that under the conditions as they have prevailed, four per cent is enough for the banker to pay on time deposits. These deposits represent, as a rule, small savings and they should not be placed in jeopardy but should be invested in strictly first class securities. The man who has any considerable sum of money to set aside as savings can himself loan it direct, either on mortgages or to neighbors with whom he is acquainted and can in this way get the same rate which the bankers gets. It is a good deal better for him to do this than for the bank to increase the rate on savings deposits.

On commercial paper the interest rate fluctuates more or less according to the demand for money and in our opinion the bankers of the west should gradually adopt the practice of increasing the rate when the demand is strong and lowering the rate when the demand is slack but never refusing to loan to the customer who needs the money and whose credit justifies him in borrowing it.—Wallace Farmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bivans add little son, and Miss Gregory, of Baltimore, Md. arrived here Friday, to visit Ed Gregory near Emden. Mrs. Bivans and Miss Gregory are sisters of Mr. Gregory.

### No Rows in 76 years.

Humansville, Mo., July 12. Atha G. Hudson, 22 years old, and his fiancée, 15, ran away from the bride's home to a Baptist parsonage twelve miles below Nashville, Tenn. seventy-six years ago today and were married. To-day Mr. Hudson, almost 98, and his wife 90, celebrated their wedding anniversary here.

The seventy-six years have been years of happiness for the Hudsons. A quaint contract was made by the Hudsons shortly after they were married. Its object was to prevent both of them ever becoming angry at the same time. Mr. Hudson said to-day they had never had a real quarrel.

In 1850 Mr. Hudson came to Cedar County, Missouri, where he bought a farm. When the Civil War broke out the Hudsons abandoned their farm and went by wagon to Sedalia. They had \$4,000 in money and it was not safe to carry that amount around loose in those times. So Mr. Hudson hid the money in a barrel of soft soap. Soap was one thing that nobody ever wanted to steal. Mr. Hudson had a store in Sedalia for a number of years. Then he moved to Humansville, where he set up a similar establishment. He sold his business fourteen years ago and retired.

The secret of long life, according to Mr. Hudson, who will be 98 next November, is to smile and feel kindly toward everyone.

"And when anybody asks you how you are, say you're well and happy," he added.

Sixty-three years ago the old man prophesied he would live to be 100 years old. To-day he still maintains that the prophecy is going to come true.

A huge joke was perpetrated on one of New London's "silver tongued" orators Decoration Day and it leaked out a few days ago. On that day at a certain church in the county services were announced and a preacher from Vandalia invited to deliver two sermons. Not knowing that the preacher had been secured a citizen of the vicinity of the church invited the New London orator to make a temperance speech. The said orator was on hand promptly, "cocked and primed" for the speech of his life. The forenoon was pleasantly spent and a good sermon listened to. The gentleman from New London was somewhat disappointed at not being called upon in the morning but did not say anything. A basket dinner was served and in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock the preacher again occupied the pulpit, preaching until too late for the New London man to say his speech. The friend who had invited him had forgotten all about it, and no one else knowing it he was not called upon. The best part of the joke is that the New London orator had "turned down" an invitation to make an address at another church on account of this "previous engagement." Vandalia Mail.

Mrs. Mollie Gordon, of Bonner Springs, Kan., is the possessor of a novel souvenir of the present hot weather. It is a Plymouth Rock chicken hatched by the heat on a shelf in her pantry. Mrs. Gordon keeps a supply of eggs for cooking on one of her shelves. The egg was pushed back and had probably been overlooked for several weeks. Saturday morning Mrs. Gordon heard a chicken peeping. It seemed to come from the pantry. An egg with the shell cracked open in one place and a chicken's bill sticking out was found there. Mrs. Gordon wrapped the egg in flannel and laid it in the sun, where it hatched out in a few hours. The chicken is doing well and Mrs. Gordon says she is going to keep it as long as it lives as a souvenir of the hot summer of 1911.—Ex.

### Bryan Puts Folk and Clark at Top.

Lincoln, Neb., July 12.—Two Missouri Democrats, Folk and Clark head the list of the Democrats whom Mr. Bryan deems available as presidential candidates. Woodrow Wilson is third.

This list is published with complimentary comment in this week's Commoner. It includes as Democrats worthy of the honor: Governor or Plaided of Maine, Senators Kern of Indiana, Newlands of Nevada, Chamberlain of Oregon, Owen of Oklahoma, former Governor Thomas of Colorado, former Senator Patterson of Colorado, former Governor Adams of Colorado, George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, former Governor Higgins of Rhode Island, former Governor Glenn of North Carolina, former Governor Tyler of Virginia, former Governor McMillin of Tennessee, former Senator Turner of Washington, Senator Gore of Oklahoma, former Governor Campbell of Texas, Representative Randall of Texas, former Governor Comer of Alabama, former Governor McCreary of Kentucky, former Governor Beckham of Kentucky, Henry Waterson of Kentucky, Representative Rainey of Illinois, Mayor Gaynor of New York, Mayor Harrison of Chicago and former Mayor Dunne of Chicago.

In addition Mr. Bryan suggests these presidential tickets: Governor Smith of Georgia and S. W. Burke of North Dakota; Marshall of Indiana and Dix of New York, or Dix and Marshall; Culberson of Texas and O'Gorman of New York or vice versa; Shaffroth of Colorado and Foss of Massachusetts; James of Kentucky and former Governor Osborne of Wyoming; James and Brandeis of Massachusetts; Clark of North Carolina and Pomerene of Ohio.

### Brain Leaks.

The men who do not need a spur often need a balance-wheel.

Reputation is the world's measure. Character is what we really have.

Satan smiles every time he sees a church closed for the summer.

The man who considers the world a lemon to be squeezed usually has a sour disposition.

It would take more than nine tailors to make men out of some creature in bifurcated garments.

Grandfathers and grandmothers have been primarily responsible for many of the present-day divorces.

When a man's shadow turns eastward he is wise if he keeps his face westward. That's where the sun is shining.

We are carrying a concealed club for the benefit of the fellow who advises us to "keep cool" this kind of weather.

The "good enough" workman is usually looking for a job when the "best way" workman is considering an offer of advanced wages elsewhere.—Commoner.

### Says Poor Pup Changed Law.

Washington, D. C., July 12.—"The howl raised over a poor Pomeranian pup taken abroad for its health," upon which the "unholy hand of the Customs Collector was laid when the dog was brought back," was declared by Representative Fitzgerald of New York to be the cause of an amendment to the Payne-Aldrich tariff law passed by the House to-day.

The amendment allows horses, cattle and other animals taken out and brought back into this country within six months to be readmitted free.

Mr. Payne of New York declared the amendment was largely for the benefit of cattle raisers along the border in Texas, who often drive their cattle into Mexico to pasture. It also would facilitate transportation arrangements in border cities he said.

### Two Quincy men spent Saturday

in town exhibiting a very peculiar looking animal unknown in this country and probably a native of tropical or semi-tropical regions. The remarkable fact about it is its capture in this section on Bay Island above the Burlington bridge at Quincy, some weeks ago. It was taken on a maple tree after it had been securely pinned to the tree with a long forked stick. Its appearance beggars description and exhausts the comparisons of amateur naturalists. Its head resembles a squirrel's, being somewhat larger, with powerful jaws, its body is like a lizard's, its tail is long as a snake's, its feet are armed with powerful claws. From tip of nose to tip of tail it is about six feet, yet its body is no larger than a rabbit. It is covered with a loose, scaly skin of a greenish-gray metallic color. Its legs are rather long and sprawling, its feet are not webbed. Under the throat it carries two pendent pouches like a dewlap. Its spine, which is sharp and knifelike, especially along the tail, is decorated the length of its body with ragged, irregular spines like small dried leaves of pineapple. Underneath the jaws is another row of bony spines unlike the ones on its back. Its tail is oval shaped, sharp above and below, and is banded with broad black and brown bands. It is very sensitive to the cold and has very probably enjoyed the recent spell of weather more than any animate creature in these parts. It is fed bananas. It has been exhibited in Quincy and elsewhere, but no one has finally named it. It is a fearful looking brute, and if used with care in a case of delirium tremens it ought to effect a cure.—LaGrange Indicator.

### Wishing.

Do you wish the world were better? Let me tell you what to do. Set a watch upon your actions keep them always straight and true. Rid your mind of selfish motives, let your thoughts be clean and high. You can make a little Eden of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser? Well, suppose you make a start By accumulating wisdom in the scrapbook of your heart. Do not waste one page on folly; live to learn and learn to live. If you want to give men knowledge you must get it ere you give.

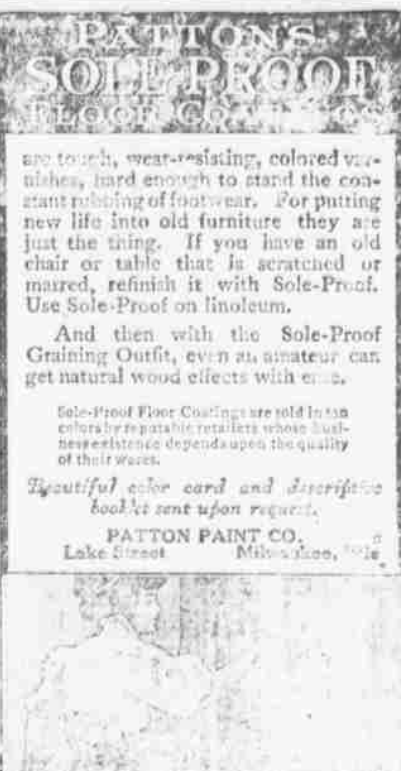
Do you wish the world were happy? Then remember day by day Just to scatter seeds of kindness as you pass along the way; For the pleasure of the many may be oftentimes traced to one, As the hand that plants the acorn shelters armies from the sun. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The citizens of Paris are worked up over the question of automobiles. The excitement however may all be in the minds of the Paris papers. Anyway they are awfully afraid some farmer will come to town in one of those awful honk wagons and just run terribly fast on the streets, or scare the old dray horse and possibly run over somebody before they could get the new fangled thing out of town. There has been talk of the city council passing very stringent ordinances regulating the speed of automobiles in that city but for the present, should an automobile attempt to enter the town the city Marshal should be taken aboard to reassure the people and to prevent reckless driving.

### Call E. Y.

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### When Night Comes.

I know a boy who will forget  
Most all of what he's told;  
How boys should always lift their caps  
And bow to young and old;  
'Bout shutting doors; and flies and things;  
And scraping off your shoes;  
To come right straight in, when it pours;  
And sitting still in pews.

He has his pockets full o' stuff  
That makes his mother say:  
"O Bobby!" just like that, and go  
and throw it all away.  
And oh, the fearful noise he makes  
A-running up and down!  
He's pretty sure he's 'bout the worst  
Of any boy in town.

But after all, his mother comes  
And tucks him up in bed,  
When everything is still and dark;  
And lots of times she's said,  
"I wouldn't change my little lad,  
Who's tired as he can be,  
For any boy in all the land."  
That's how she talks to me!  
—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, in  
Youth's Companion.

### July.

When the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dreams to the dragon-fly,  
And the lazy breeze makes a nest  
in the trees,  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The corn-flower's cup awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil  
floats,  
And the poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the stream-  
let's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.

When the hours are so still that  
time  
Forgets them, and lets them lie  
'Neath petals pink till the night  
stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It is July.  
—Susan Hartley Swett.

### Wages In Canada and U. S.

How is Canadian Reciprocity going to ruin the farm laborer in the United States?

According to the Canadian Farm, the average wages paid farm help in Canada during the summer months of 1910 was \$35.15 per month for males and \$20.70 for females, counting board; and the yearly wage, counting board, \$347.10 and \$209.69. According to the same authority, the Department of Agriculture gives the average wages in the United States as \$27.50 a month on a yearly basis; with board, \$19.21 per month.